

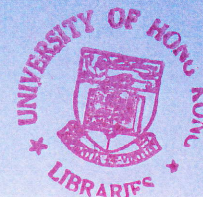
CONTACTS

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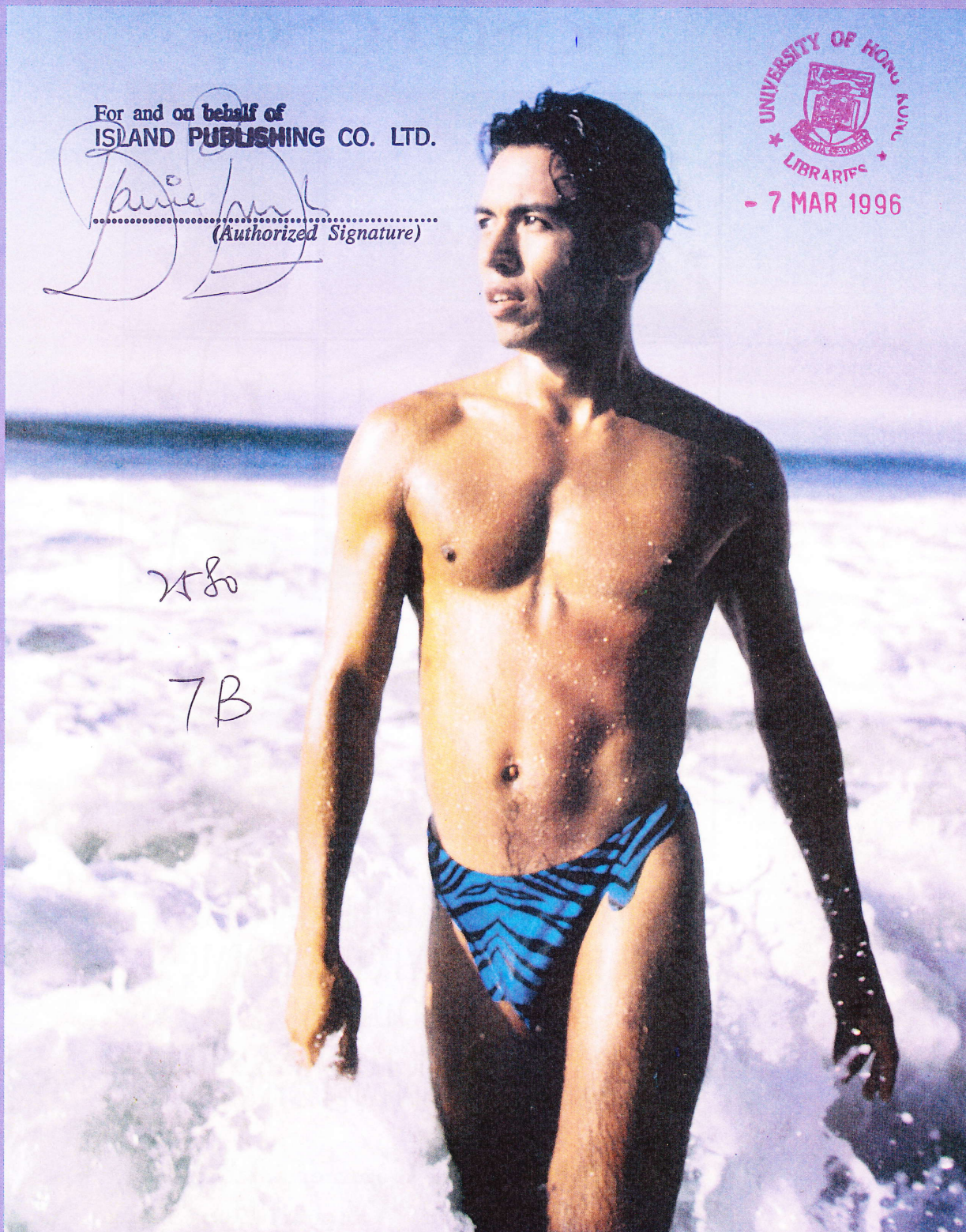
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Positive images are important for all groups of the community. Of course as Gay people living in a heterosexual society it is sometimes the only way they can come to terms with their sexuality.

Yet in Hong Kong we are in the unique position of not having even one well known celebrity—not even a minor one 'out'. That there are many closeted cases who are well known is common knowledge.

So where are the Sallys, Andys, Marys, Leons, Lilys, Jackies and Romain's? Still firmly in the closet with the door locked, barred and bolted. Whenever they do appear semi-publicly, on the gay scene, they are quick to point out that 'Coming Out' would, for them, their mean loss of there (mainly teenage girls) fan club.

What we are left with in a very minor, minor way (the best word we can think of is personality) are people that we think we may have heard about several aeons ago.

Such a one is J. J. Chan an ex disc jockey who came out last month as a promiscuous Gay man who has AIDS.

While we concur that it was a somewhat brave thing for him to have done we really question the model he has portrayed, by his lack of understanding and foresight, as to how the heavily biased Chinese press would twist, ridicule and mock his Gay lifestyle. By doing so they, of course, are mocking every Gay person's position and lifestyle.

Were we cynical we would also point out that he has left coming out for a very long time. Wouldn't it have been more courageous to have come out before he had AIDS and when he was working?

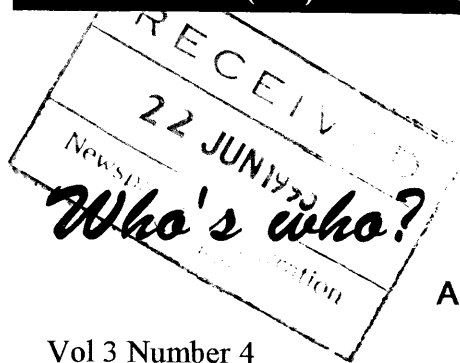
Not very positive is it?

(See also page 8)

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我 是 我 的 真 我



男字由一個田字加一個力字組成，是不是做字時的人見到一個男人正在田裏做事時所做的呢！所以男人一定要孔武有力，力大如牛，粗聲粗氣，這便是男人應有的行爲。

否則像我這樣的男人，便會有人說我不像男人，有人說我像女人，亦有人說我比女人更加女人，不過亦有人說我不像男人又不像女人，簡直就是不知所謂。

但我一點也不介懷他們說我似什麼，我便是我，我不雖要似某某人，爲什麼我不可以擁有我自己個人的風格，只要自己認爲這件衣服穿得舒服，那一件事情做得開心，我又何難理會別人的想法。

更何況以我自己本人的見解，有什麼事是一定要女人做，又有什麼事又一定要男人做。男人跟女人只是在外表上有某些差別，除此之外還有什麼事是一定要指定他，或她去做的，何況現今的社會不是鼓吹男女平等的嗎？

我，今年二十八歲，是一名職業的攝影師，還記得剛剛入行時不知受到多少人的冷嘲熱諷，還記得第一次一名前輩介紹我做一個手飾廣告時所受到的種種諷刺。

「老細，這個便是我常常在你面前提起的新人李山水了。」

他瞪了我一眼說「老周，你不是吧！怎麼會介紹這樣的人給我，我不是和你說好我要一個最出色的嗎？」

前輩慌忙說「老細，我又怎會隨隨便便介紹一個人給你，他的確是我輩最傑出的學生，你不妨看看他的作品才考慮用他。」

「老周，看，我想不用了，你看他這身打扮，男不男，女不女，我至不信任便是這一類人，這一千元算是他的車馬費。」

正當前輩猶疑好不好取過給我，我搶過他手中的錢，然後恨恨地拋在地上。

說「你太淺薄了，我的打扮並不會影響到我的工作的，我亦不希望和你合作。」說完便立即離開。

回想起當時的我，實在有點兒衝動，他說什麼便由他說好了，對我會有影響嗎？或許當時年紀少，不知收儉，如現在遇到這些事些，我便會一笑了之，說也不用說。

事後，前輩還致電說這是我的不是。

「不是老早對你說，見工一定要穿帶整齊嗎？」

但到現在我還沒有後悔當初我所做的一切，我覺得每一個人都應該有他們對事物的看法，不要瞎從附和，人說什麼你便說是，人云亦云，但大部份人都是這樣，爲求一官半職便甘心埋沒良心。

但我就是不可以，要我穿件我不喜歡的衣服簡直就是受罪，但到了現在還不是有人說我應該改一改個人的風格，無論是同志朋友還是直的朋友都說。

「山水，你的衣著越來越誇張了。」

我聳聳肩說「沒有這會事，我的衣著一向如是？」

兆康說「是，你的衣著永遠都沒有變，一樣給人一種眼前一亮的感覺。」

我領首說「多謝你的讚賞。」

「但這是壞的，你的衣服永遠給人打冷震的感覺，如今天你的衣著服飾：紫色有毛的長袖外套，配一條貼身褲，再穿一雙皮鞋，還要帶上耳環，簡直就是太過份了。」

我負氣說「無品味的鄉下佬，我這

件冷外套已經足夠付我們今晚食日本料理的單了，給你這個鄉下佬看好東西還在埋怨。」

「但我至怕和你一起出街，不知有多少隻眼睛看著我們。」

我愈聽愈氣說「假如你介意，你大可以下次不和我出街吧！」

因爲衣服的原故我不知得罪了多少人，所以我的朋友越來越少，我並不介意，假如他是的好朋友，他也不會介意我的衣服。

更何況我不是爲他人而活的，今天李四說我的衣服不好看，我便立即換，明天張三說我的言行舉止太過女性化，是不是要我去打男性荷爾蒙，今天顧得了張三，明天顧不了李四，所以我不會爲任何人去改變自己的品味的。

一日，常春對我說。

「山水，聽同行說，你最近不大接生意，是不是？」

「沒錯，最近我有其它事忙。」

「什麼事，不是去學刺繡便是去學打毛衫。」

「兩者都不是，我最近喜歡了泥塑公仔，很得意的。」說著便拿出我的新作給常春看「這個鎖匙扣是不是很有趣呀！」

「是你做的」

我很高興地說「當然，不像一個新手吧！」

「的確做的很好，但你有沒有想過你花太多時間在這些手工藝品上了。」

「時間是我的，我想怎樣花便怎樣花，不雖要別人來管。」

「但，現在正直是你工作的黃金當期，你應會機兼錢，不要花時間在這些小玩意身上。」

「錢，我又不是不夠用，工作又不是沒有，而生命只可以活一次，爲

何不可以快快活活的活，而一定要去做其他人認為是對的事。」

「每次跟你說你都是說我只可以活一次，為什麼不可以快快樂樂的活，但你有沒有想過當你名氣過後，想找人給你工作，就困難了。」

「我當然知道，所以我要更加要善用我的黃金時間，現在工作多的是，不妨選擇做誰的工作；而且酬勞又可以加多些。」

「對你我真的沒辦法。」

「無論怎樣我知道你是為我好的，但你不是我，你不會明白我的感受。」

明天便是萬聖節了，我扮什麼去派對呢？吸血殭屍、巫婆還是科學怪人，通通我都扮過，一點新鮮感都沒有，扮什麼呢？正當我想著，電話鈴響。

「喂。」

「山水呀，你明天扮什麼去永祥的化裝舞會呀。」

「我正在想，什麼也扮過了，都不知今年扮什麼好，你有沒有好提意呀。」

我期待著他的建議。

常春半開玩笑說「其實你不扮，已經是名怪人了，每日穿的，說話時的語氣及你那優雅的舉止，足以贏得明天的扮野大賽，你無難扮了。」

我沈默了一會說「我有點頭痛，明天再跟你談。」說完便立即掛線。

每一次有人說我的衣著，談吐及舉止像女人時，我都會有點不開心，甚至乎想過完全改變自己去適應其他人，但我始終沒有做。

因為我內心有一把聲音說：「你只可以活一次，不要讓別人控制你的生命，你是你自己的決策者。」所以我沒有變。

當我去到永祥的化裝舞會時，他第一眼見到我時，他的眼几乎跳了出來，可能是我的衣服令他有這樣的反應吧。

「山水，你今日的衣著很別緻，今晚一定有很多人想取你的電話號碼。」

碼。」

我並沒有說什麼，取過飲品便站在牆角。

常春見我一人便走過來跟我說話。

「山水，你今晚很英俊。」

我問他「你喜歡嗎？」

「喜歡，很好，假如我不是你的好朋友，我一定會追你。」

我並沒有對他的所說有作出有何反應，只是隨意地說「多謝。」

大約停留了半小時，我便對常春說「我要走了。」

他隨即說「你等我一會，我換過衣服便跟你走。」

我說不用，但他堅持要和我一起，在等的士的時候。

「山水，時間還早，去我家喝杯咖啡好嗎？」

我說「無所謂。」

到他家後，「山水，是不是我昨夜說錯了什麼呀！」

「沒有。」

「如果無，為什麼今天是萬聖節；你會穿西裝結領帶到永祥的化裝舞會，而且還剪掉了你心愛的長髮。」

常春已經打開了話題，我亦無難再騙他。

於是我說「你覺得我今晚在化裝舞會是不是特出呀！」

「還說特出，人人扮鬼扮馬，唯獨你衣著整齊，不知有多少人在背後說你。」

「看，平時的我給人說，今日的我穿帶整齊，又給人說，公平嗎？」

「但今天是萬聖節，人人都扮野，唯獨你一人離群？」

「在萬聖節你可以扮成你喜愛的人物，你覺得是理所當然的，你覺得舒服，你覺得享受，沒有人會批評你，因為今天是萬聖節，但今天我一百八十度轉變，卻給人用有色眼鏡看這是公平嗎？你覺得我今晚開心嗎？」

「不，我感覺你不開心，雖然今天你沒有穿平時的衣服，而且還穿西裝，但我感覺到你不是在享受而是在受罪。」

「沒錯，今天我所以會打扮成這樣，我只是想說一件事，別人的喜好，可能是另外一個人的毒藥，只要自己感到舒服便可以了，又可雖理會其他人的想法，如我們的性取向，跟本就是同一個原理，異性戀者不是老掛在唇邊說我們是變態的嗎？為何我們還沒有立即跟隨他們的說法找個異性戀人結婚，為何還是照著自己的原意尋求自己的真愛，因為我們知道我們並不是他們所說的變態，我們跟他們一樣無異，你明白我意思嗎？」

「對不起，山水，我並不是有意傷害你的，你接受我的道歉嗎？」

「當然，我和你始終也是好朋友。」

龍子

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Brazil

Dr. Luiz Mott, anthropologist and founder of Grupo Gay da Bahia, (Brazil's leading Gay group) had his house broken into and car damaged in reaction to the publication of a academic paper about the homosexuality of the black hero, ex-slave Zumbi, of the 17th century. Mott asked for political protection and so far has received support from Amnesty International, and IGLHRC.

France

As many as 20,000 people marched through the streets of Paris last month to raise funds for the war against AIDS. The junior minister for Emergency Humanitarian Action, the Fight against Exclusion, and the ministers of Health and Justice joined the second annual march to the Eiffel Tower. Last year's march raised 2 million francs (US\$500,000). In France, more than 18,000 people have died of AIDS and an estimated 200,000 are infected.

Netherlands

Amsterdam on Sunday 2 July the fourth Amsterdam dinner is to be held in support of the AIDS Fund, and will take place on the Dam Square in front of the royal palace. The eighteen participating five-star hotels will host 900 guests. Last year's proceeds totalled US\$180,000. The organisation's new ambassador is the former international swimming star Ada Kok.

U.K.

LONDON, Three gay men and one lesbian sacked from the armed forces went to the High Court, last month, to challenge Britain's ban on homosexuals serving in the military. In a historic test case, the four claimed the ministry had violated their rights under European equality laws by contending that homosexuality is "incompatible with military service". "Gay rights activists argue that several other NATO member countries allow homosexuals to serve without problems, although recent changes in U.S. law have provoked anger on both sides. The gay campaign group Stonewall said 250 people had been dismissed from the British armed forces from 1990 to 1994 on the grounds of sexuality. For its part, the Ministry says allowing gays to serve would "damage morale and unit effectiveness."

Poland

The decision by the committee drafting Poland's new constitution to ban discrimination based on sexual orientation has provoked heated opposition, reports *The Warsaw Voice*. "Does this mean that intercourse with animals or a corpse will also be protected?" asked President Lech Walesa's representative on the parliamentary committee, before storming out of the meeting, in April, in which the decision was made. Bishop Tadeusz Pieronek called the plan "an example leading toward extremes which cannot be accepted by any normal society." The leader of the Christian-Nation Union party objected: "This is a first step leading to growing demands of these people. The next step would be accepting deviations such as pedophilia or zoophilia."

Spain

Spain's parliament banned discrimination based on sexual orientation, according to a report by the Barcelona gay group Co-ordinator Gai-Lesbiana. "We don't have the final version of the law, but, the important thing is that for the first time in Spanish history we will have a law which will punish discrimination against lesbians and gays," the report said.

In the silence of darkness, there are stars and hope.
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在寂靜的黑暗
中，仍有星光
和希望。
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Out about

Known affectionately as the laughing Fat Boy former disc jockey J.J. Chan has announced that he has AIDS and is prepared to become the focus point for a new Government sponsored AIDS education programme. J. J. was expected to attend the Strawberry Smile (see this page) but failed to arrive. (See also editorial page 3)

Y e a h ,
S u r e
 Horizons Tea Dances (sic) held regularly on the 1st and 3rd Sunday of every month at Club 97 from 5 - 9 p.m. (extract from April/May issue of Horizons Newsletter) Memo to Horizons: Horizons stopped holding Tea Dances on the 3rd Sunday of the month in January. A classic case of the left hand not knowing what the right's doing.

Parade
 Tokyo's Lesbian & Gay Parade '95 will be held on 28th August. Organisers expect more than 5,000 people to attend this year, with people from Taiwan and Malaysia attending for the first time. If you are going to be in Japan then, or want to go to the Parade, then we have a list of reasonably priced Gay-friendly guest houses. Please write for a copy to Contacts Magazine.

We are sorry to announce the death of one time Gay activist and AIDS campaigner Samson Chan. Samson was well known both in Hong Kong and the U.S. where he spent a great deal of his youth. Samson Chan was well liked and respected both for his work with AIDS Foundation and as the first secretary of Horizons. The funeral was held, at the families request, privately late May. It is expected that a memorial service for Samson will be held in the foreseeable future.

Homosexuals in China

Despite having made two public statements that the book *Homosexuals in China* by Fang Gang is to be published in Hong Kong when we spoke to the manager of Cosmos Bookshop in Wan Chai he firstly decried all knowledge of it but when pressed said "it will be released next month." As this same promise has been made for the past 5 months we strongly suspect that the company is having second thoughts about publishing the book.

Quote of The Month

If Michelangelo had been a heterosexual,
the Sistine Chapel would have been painted basic white
and with a roller.

Rita Mae Brown

1st Year

CE Top Congratulations on your first birthday! The Barbecue was very well appreciated and enjoyed by many customers and friends who gathered to celebrate with a party on 27th May. It was good to see so many people, some for the first time, and others who obviously almost lived there.

Australian Conference

29/30 September 1995 The University of Sydney will host a conference entitled emerging Asian/Australian Lesbian & Gay Communities. The cost will be somewhere in the region of A\$ 165 including all meals and registration fees, but excluding travel. There are no plans for any bursaries or grants. If you're interested in going more details can be your by writing, with a stamped addressed envelope to Contacts Magazine.

JOIN US

Madhatters Party #4 Sure to be a glittering event and to make doubly sure this year the 97 Group are holding events at all of their venues. The most outstanding though is going to be the Madhatters Party being held on Thursday 22nd June. Dinner is at 7.30 and costs \$500 a person - with the proceeds going to AIDS Concern.

The 10% Club

have recently formed a group to lobby the Legislative Council on Anna Wu's Anti-discrimination Bill. While we're not too sure about their claim to represent all of the Gay community in Hong Kong we do applaud their efforts in finally getting it together. We hope they have the courage to get out and about and not stop at letter writing. If you'd like to help contact Eddie Wong P.O. Box 72207 Kowloon Central Post Office.

The Strawberry Smile Rally held at the Cultural Centre on the 22nd May bought a lot of smiles and happiness to a great many people. It was wonderful to see people from every group discriminated against, in Hong Kong, working together. The Strawberry Smile Declaration. A strawberry brings a smile; let us share that happiness — a happiness for everyone. But some of us, because of our beliefs, gender, deprived from learning, working, living, an incomplete, unjust, unhappy society, have. We want our society to be one that express ideas...then we live in This is not the society we want to which nobody is deprived of basic simple cares and respects, a society in us share a smile! Some Gay men we happiness. Have a strawberry, let again Gays & Lesbians have been left spoke to were outraged that once criminated against. "Do we really have off the list of minorities being dis- an Anti discrimination rally —that to keep telling the organisers—of we're here?" said one well known activist who asked not to be named.



N A M E C A I I I N C by Sulein Klein

Okay, so we've all been called names, and horrible ones at that. Now I can tell myself 'I am a Homo' and not flinch. In school I remember wilting the second time I was called sissy. I didn't know what it meant the first time it was used. At the age of fifteen I remember reading the word Gay in American magazines.

I could not figure out its relevance. Gay?

Slightly earlier I'd come to know the word homosexual and realised that it defined me. It was not a word used in everyday conversation. I remember searching books on psychology for any mention of homosexuality. I also remember desperately searching for other homosexuals. I did come across a few references to homosexuality. I don't remember feeling particularly happy at what I read. But I felt good about myself and the couple of relationships I'd had by that time. I'd dream of spending my life with a beautiful man. Then I read Gore Vidal's 'The City and The Pillar' and felt extremely angry. I couldn't imagine that I would have a doomed life.

At home the word used to describe me in my native tongue, Gujarati, was bailo (pronounced : bye-low). Bai means a woman and bailo means 'like a woman'. I suppose I wasn't sufficiently macho enough. I certainly didn't hold up to my cricketer grandfather's expectations. I also played with dolls. I was also good at 'boyish' games like running, spinning tops and I did learn to float on water at a very early age. But boys were not meant to be girlish and so I was called, once in a while, a bailo. At that age I didn't know what the word meant as I was too busy exploring the world around me to be bothered. Around adolescence, however, I realised its derogatory slant, remembered the word from my childhood and kept my ears open to hear it refer to me as by this time I knew that I was some sort of bailo. I took to building my muscles just so no one would see that I was a bailo.

What did hurt was the fact that derogatory words existed. I feared them. I hated the fact that someone could turn to me and say, "You bloody Homo!" At the time I had no defence. Pride would come much

later. There were other words too. Pansy was popular in college along with Homo. An intellectual type introduced me to another word: bugger. I didn't know what it meant since I wasn't into anal sex! But it did give me an idea about other sexual acts! At least I knew that I wouldn't be letting anyone bugger me.

The Hindi word samalaingik popped into my consciousness in the first issue of *DOST* in the Hindi section. There it was; the most elegant of the words that define my condition. I am comfortable with this word, samalaingik, and homosexual. Samalaingik means someone who likes the same gender.

Homosexual suits me fine. However it does give an impression that I am in a perpetually sexual state about a man, which I am not. So I would have derived greater comfort if the word had been Homo-lover and homosexuality could have been Homo-love. But homosexual it is.

So many words can be a trifle confusing specially when other homosexuals want further subsections to capture subtle differences like active, passive, giver, taker. Colloquial translations of active and passive in Bombay are koti and panti respectively.

One positive term used for homosexual men in Bombay is gud which means jaggery or palm sugar. A favourite joke in Bombay concerns an elegant Homo who was noticed on the street by some roadside Romeo's who remarked. "Gud, gud!", upon which the Homo turned around and responded, "Not gud, but very gud!"

There is a word, I think in the southern states, which describes us as evening people. How mysterious, as if we are caught in some sort of time warp like Count Dracula and bloom in a surreptitious nether-world floating around like so many fruit bats. I don't like this word. Surely we have a right to enjoy sunrise.

But we can't have so many words. We must agree which word is the best and use only that. This is exactly what the movers and the shakers in the West have done. Their stinging words were fag, faggot, queer... They decided to appropriate them and use

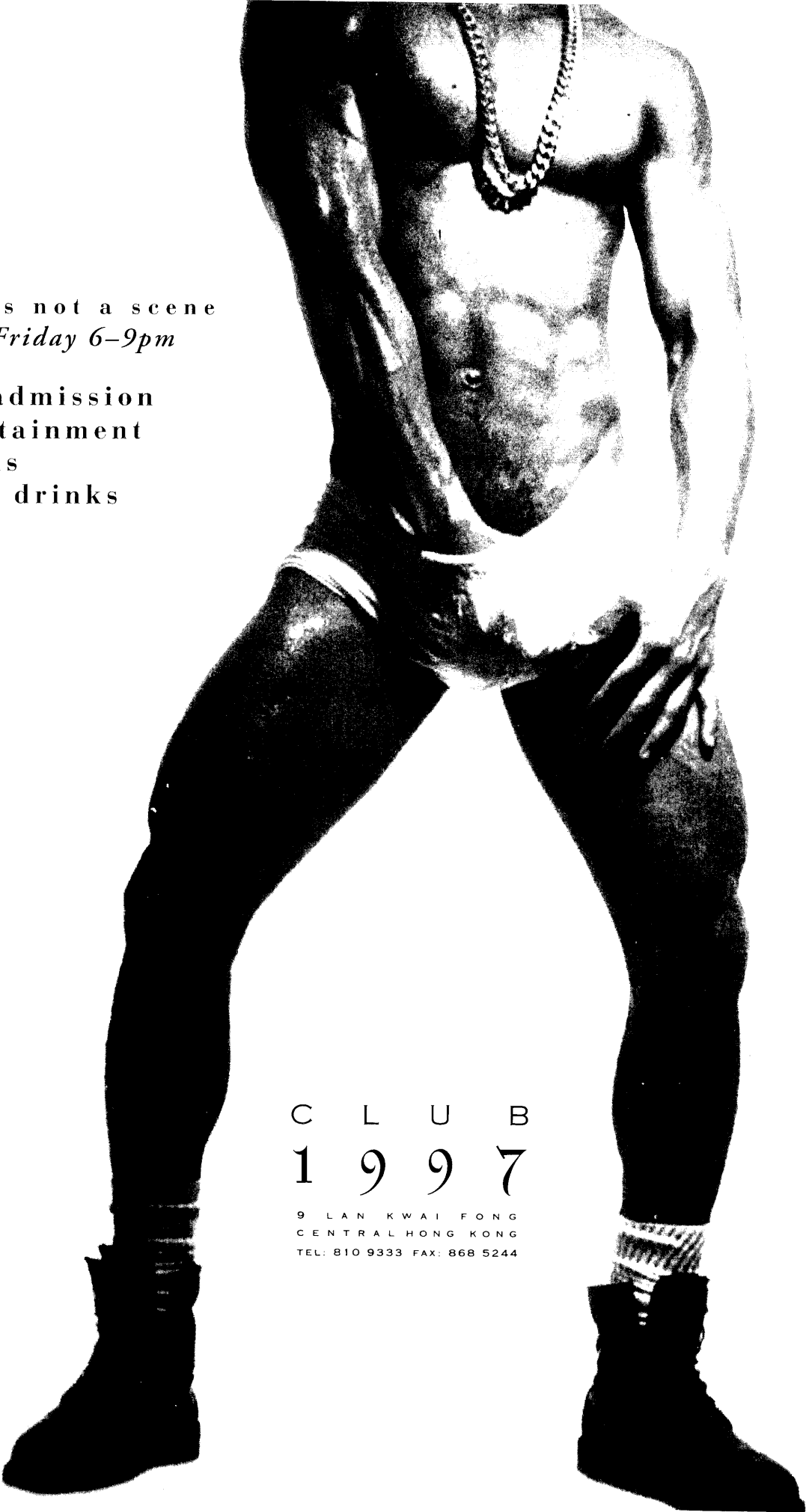
them themselves. The logic is that we use these words to define us and in doing so remove the derogatory aspect. We take away the power from our oppressors to hurt us by words. For too long others have decided what to call us. I'd hurt if I was called a hag. Rag would be simply unbearable.

We should inform the world who and what we are. Let us give them names with which to call us and not the other way around. Let us now gather strength from all those years of oppression and tell our erstwhile oppressors exactly what we think of ourselves.

This exercise has already been up taken by our Asian brothers and sisters who make 'the West' their home. But does it portray the Asian experience? Logically we have to source Asian history for self definition. The word trikon meaning triangle used by expatriates in California derive it from Hitler's pink triangle which is a European symbol of homosexual oppression. Gay men of Asian descent in Toronto, Canada have adopted the word khush which is only a literal translation of the word gay. The Bengali word shamakami meaning 'love for an equal' seems more appropriate and could be voted upon. Yet it is not culled from either our collective oppression or collective celebration as visualised in the chapter on homosexual sex in the Karma Sutra. Men who have sex with men is dry and really should only be used by researchers who study the sexual act as some sort of isolated co-ordinate. (It's Hindi translation of aadmi jo aadmi se pyaar kare sounds like the title of a television movie).

We could go along with Homo or pansy in English (Indian English). With some effort we could also find, if you speak Hindi, samalaingik with khush though there is a need for a simpler term for everyday use.

Perhaps, on reflection, we should accept Gay as being all defining.



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In The Dragon's Eye

Photos by Mandy Boursicot



Lavender Patten dotted the eye of a massive 70 ft. Dragon mural painted by Mandy Boursicot on Saturday, 29th April. The inaugurating ceremony was for the Grand Opening of the Warehouse Project. The Warehouse is a converted old colonial police station in Aberdeen that has undergone extensive renovation to provide space for leisure facilities for Hong Kong's youth. The Dragon's commanding presence graces the walls of the building's main spiral staircase. It is the largest of several murals painted by various Chinese, English and International schools throughout the territory. Mandy Boursicot is the sole professional artist represented, gladly having volunteered her time as muralist consultant, and single handedly having painted the Dragon herself.

Personally, the Dragon represents an unavoidable reminder to the predominantly expatriate users of the Warehouse project, that the roots of Hong Kong are eternally Chinese. The Dragon also represents all manner of good things in Chinese mythology, and this is Boursicot's way of wishing the project good fortune.

"Community is important to me", said

Boursicot, who grew up in Hong Kong at a time of new affluence and extreme individualism, truncated by late-60's Chinese nationalistic riots. "The most acceptable of these in mainstream society is youth community, and to me this is the start of the growth of community movement, gain-

challenge of mural painting in Hong Kong invigorating. She hopes the beauty and energy of this particular art form will help to give our concrete jungle an aesthetic face lift, and that the popularity of murals will spread to more prominent public places, especially parks and playgrounds.



ing support and acceptance both within the community and from the population at large." although she jokingly admits to no longer being of eligible age for the Warehouse itself.

As a fifth generation Hong Kong Macanese, Boursicot has exhibited extensively in the last two years and finds the

"Young people should not be subjected to unending grey reinforced mountain walls in their play areas as well as in every other area of their lives. At least if parks cannot offer people real trees and greenery, it would be nice to offer a background representation of nature"

Hallucinations

Words By Camille Ho
Drawing by Mandy Boursicot

My tears are now sun-dried, My sobs swallowed by the wind. Howls drowned in mocking storms, Screams died in furious gales. Past madness that reigned from my loss, Now emptiness is my lover.

Outside the wind is howling like crazed sirens, pounding, beating at the windows, lashing torrents of rain, torturing trees, making them weep, weep sobs of tears. Sobs, they sob deluges, bend, bending to the whips of winds. No, do not come in. It is too quiet in here. Stay away. Do not break my silence.

Only the slow, patient ticking of the clock and me. I cannot bear to count the minutes, the seconds, the laborious clicking. I cannot bear to suffer the waiting until you come home.

But you did...you came back, last time... with a bouquet of reconciliation a bouquet of tulips, all yellow and golden, with flower-heads that beamed in the morning sun. Little sun-heads, they stood by the window, dozing in perfection, respiring serenity, slumbering in the halos of tranquillity that each little yellow universe radiates. We could almost bear them sighing with peace, as we laid in each other's clasp, entwined like desperate vines, clinging to our embrace, intertwined. All the anger, the shootings that broke the conjugal calm, were now faraway echoes, drawing further and further away, barely, barely heard. Even the last resonance of cracking crockery, splintering glasses and shattering plates were mere distant reminiscences that memory is forgetting. Nothing. Except perhaps for a faint trail of a disappearing "I love you" whispered in the silence of reconciliation. Nothing. Only us. And a few pieces of crockery that remained.

Fourteen. The fourteenth. The night you got mad because you thought I had forgotten that it was St. Valentine's. But there it was, under your pillow, my heart-shaped, rose-coloured, papier-mache box, with pink and blue forget-me-nots painted on it. Forget me not. You took off the lid and uncovered a feast of chocolates. The scent of cocoa rose up into the air and filled our nostrils. We



were inebriated with happiness on this banquet of truffles and pralines that melted on our tongues. Melting like liquid silk as smooth as your skin. Which I kissed and drank. Honey-elixir running down my throat, filling me with strength.

My alchemist. My sorceress.

My lone enchantress, stalking this night when winds wail and trees crack. An obstinate phantom that would not, would not go. Wuthering, wuthering heights. But I hear nothing. Only your solitary voice breaks my internal silence. Bewitched by your chants, heard in my hallucinations, I am spellbound. Bound and paralysed by the ringing that haunt my ears, the ringing that resounds in my solitude, the ringing, like daggers, stabs. Shedding blood, not red and alive, but clear and colourless, drained from loss and pain, like drops of tasteless water, dull and uninteresting, tricking. Like dead, crackling leaves falling in spirals. Sick jaundiced leaves, dried and crunched up. Autumn. How I hate autumn, so much more than winter. Neither living nor dead, but a slow movement towards death, towards oblivion. Not quite there, but alive enough to live the dying.

My treasure. My muse.

Traces of footprints fading on the sands. How can I go forward without you, how can I go backwards with you. I do not know. Only a reservoir of sounds and images. Of you and I. From before.

我看 性本善愛滋病系列

由香港愛滋病基金贊助香港電台制作，性本善愛滋病系列一連九集的故事終於在亞州電視本港台播映完畢。

在這九個故事當中有好的，亦有一些令人難以理解的情節。在首集愛之無盡天空內，是講述一名血友病患者，從小便對生命充滿希望，是個樂天派。但當他知道自己因輸血而患上愛滋病，便喪失了對生命的期望。他的女朋友想幫他，但他卻高聲叫喊「我又不是同性戀者，又不是性濫交，更不是針筒共用者，為何我會感染了愛滋病。」一日他遇到小丑，於是他想終於找到我的世界。但他只是在逃避現實。

第二集是關於GILBERIT的兩封信，講述一名愛滋病人如何面對朋友、工作和家人對他有了愛滋病的態度。朋友知道他有愛滋病後不知是否去探他，因她是一名主婦對愛滋病毫不理解。但最後還是去了。由起初的恐懼到最後接受的歷程。他對姊姊說我患了愛滋病，但她卻扮作沒有聽到。故事內有一名神經質的男仕對醫生說「我今午和一名基老食飯，我會不會感染愛滋病。」醫生沒有回答他。於是其他人便想和同性戀者吃飯真的會感染嗎？他的工作更因上司知道他是愛滋病帶菌者而被迫辭職。

到第三集的遊戲規則，是講述二名異性戀者，他們認同「人不風流旺少年及食得咸魚抵得噏」這個道理。但故事的本意我真的弄不清，是要提醒市民在做愛前要戴避孕套，還是不要性濫交？

我最恩賞第四集的你還愛我嗎？但

很可惜這並不在這個系列內。故事講述二名同志如何面對家庭。一個給父親發現後，便立即找醫生問：「這可不可以醫。」醫生卻說：「同性戀是天生的，是沒有得醫。」還說：「同性戀就如人的喜好，你喜歡克色，別人就喜歡穿紅，這個道理一樣簡單。」但他還不信要他的兒子作電療。而另一個則比較幸運，縱使他的母親不接受，但還不致帶他去電療。可能他的父親也是一名同志吧！我很喜歡它，因為它為我們向大眾說我們喜歡同性，就如他們喜歡異生同一般沒有分別。

第五集，我不曉得它的名子，是敘述一名愛滋病患者的心路歷程，他除了要擔心病發，還要忍受欺騙家人的痛苦，他想說，但又怕說了他的家人不會接受，因為他是「基」的。假如他不是「基」是否可以坦誠地告訴家人呢？不過最後他還是說了。他覺得如釋重負，但他的家人卻變得焦慮。

第六集，戰鬥年代。太過舞台劇了。在法庭內有五名犯人，代表五個方法可感染愛滋病毒。他們是同性戀者、性濫交、妓女、吸毒者及血友病患者。在故事內最有建設性的說話，可以說是由一名犯人為自己的辨護，他說：「每一個人都有自己對道德的觀點，他並不介意。但罪名絕不可以放在我們身上，來混亂視聽，而不去真正對付真的敵人」這句話倒是真的，試問有多少金錢花在不必要的事上？

第七集我錯過了。第八集，是紅暖壺。是說一名家務助理送飯給一名愛滋病人的經過。因為她真害怕會

感染愛滋病，便對主管說，如我還要送飯給這個愛滋病人，她便不幹了。但後來，她目睹那位愛滋病人的兒子到辦事處如何肯求他們繼續送飯給他的母親，他說：「我只希望我的母親可以每日得到一份熱飯吃。」看，感染愛滋病已是件痛苦的事，假如沒有錢，就更痛苦。所以我誠心多謝那班為愛滋病人服務的一群，多謝你！

最後一集是愛滋母親。一個懷忍母親，如何面對愛滋病。她要決定要不要她的孩子。但施手術前她決定要她的孩子來這世界。縱使會有十至四十巴仙她的孩子會因她而感染病毒。但這決定對孩子公平嗎？

在這九集故事內用男性作為故事的題材，佔了差不多百份之九十，只有小部份用女性，可能在現實生活中男性染病的比率比女性多吧！但是否代表女性不是喧傳愛滋病的對象？

而且縱觀所有故事的主角，對生命並不抱有希望，一旦染上了愛滋病，便已對一切事變的莫不關心，真的嗎？如MIKE SINCLAIR他感染了愛滋病還不是對社會有貢獻嗎？所以愛滋病人並不是如他們說得如此不濟。

但無論這個節目是好是壞，我想也可以喚醒社會人仕對愛滋病的真正關注。請不要再混亂視聽、不要再胡亂花費、不要再針對同性戀人仕好了。

平凡

Oil and condoms don't mix.



Baby oil, olive oil, butter, even Vaseline. If it contains oil, keep it away from condoms. It can ruin them.

So if you're using oil to give each

other a massage, have a towel or tissue handy to wipe your hands.

And don't use anything as a lubricant that might contain oil.

Such a moisturiser like Nivea, or

a hand cream. Even soap and shampoo have oil in them.

The only safe lubricant is a water-based one. KY is an example.

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Meet Your Mate

C y b e r s p a c e

I've always wanted my love life to be as simple as the Home Shopping Club. I'd turn on the TV without getting out of bed and flip to the 24-hour channel where eligible confirmed bachelors and their phone numbers would appear while an announcer gushed over their virtues—Yes, ladies and girls, he reads above the fourth-grade level! He's not obsessed with reducing his body fat!

Isn't that amazing? And if you flip this switch here on his back, he expresses genuine concern for your needs! (Applause.) I'd dial his number and he'd show up within the hour, ready to discuss quantum physics and then administer a great biology exam. While it will never get that easy (and if it gets that easy, it'll cost a fortune), now that I have a computer and a modem, I may at least never have to leave my futon.

Queers have taken to cyberspace like it's going out of style. The cushion of anonymity that computer message networking provides has made it easier, for example, to organise lesbian and gay groups in large corporations.

Out on the infobahn, where no one ever has to know your real name and no one t

can show up with an axe at your E-mail address, it couldn't be easier to come out of the closet, discuss queer issues, organise, and meet new people, at least textually, and then, if you like what you read, arrange to meet in neutral territory.

The easiest place to meet, though not conducive to f2f (cybertalk for face-to-face, not Fem2Fem), is the global CB network I've come to know and love as Internet Relay Chat. Most people are geographically far apart on IRC, but once or twice I arranged to meet someone whose typing skills, vocabulary, and spelling ability impressed me.

My first f2f was with a Dutch guy I'd met on IRC just before I visited Amsterdam. Once I'd arrived, spoken to him telephonically, and determined that he didn't sound insane, I agreed to spend the day at the beach with him. To my dismay, I discovered that he had the body of a schmand and that we'd be relaxing in the nude section of the beach. After an extremely uncomfortable afternoon of averting my gaze, I declined his offer to "hang out" in his apartment.

Subsequent experiences didn't fare as badly. I met a guy from a neighbouring university (lots of college kids with free computer accounts are on IRC) who treated me to an angel hair pasta I've yet to forget at a local restaurant. His account

ran out a few days later (damn that diploma), and I wasn't able to contact him again. Should have thought of phone numbers.

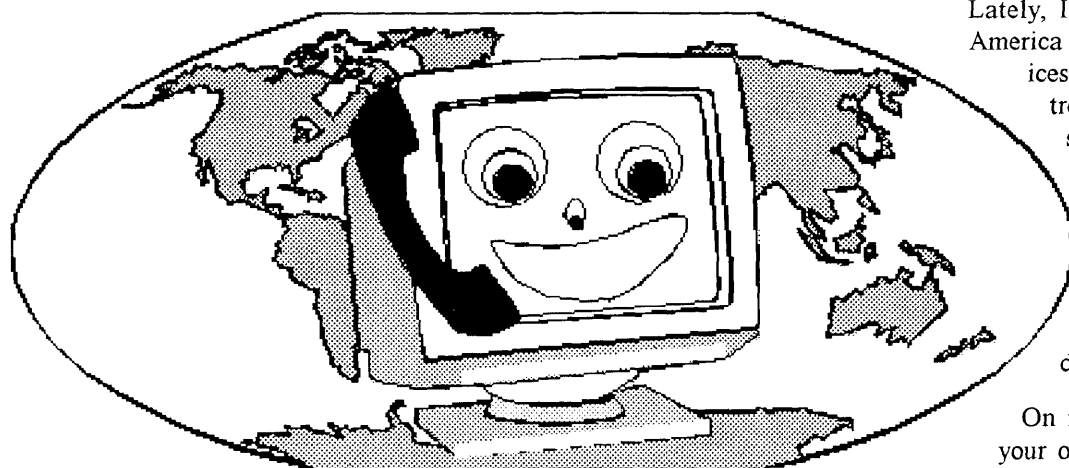
The Internet has already spawned a slew of horror stories about people who misrepresent themselves on-line. One current scenario-of-fear involves a child molester who entices youths from the privacy of his home. In your effort to avoid adult molesters, it's best to keep your expectations low and your standards high when arranging a sight-unseen rendezvous.

One usually assumes that one's electronic suitor has exaggerated somewhat, but hopefully the guy who says on the phone that he "resembles Hugh Grant" won't, when you meet him, claim, "I said Lou Grant."

Recognising that the demographic of those guys on-line is split between college kids with free computer accounts and older men who can afford their own computers, and is (sigh) predominantly white and male, I take delight in trying to scare away the guys—I believe the term is racist—who abruptly stop messaging when you describe yourself as a person of colour. My standard response to the quintessential cyberspace question, "What do you look like?" has gone from politely mentioning my race among a variety of statistics to: "I'm a huge black man with arms like tree trunks! Grrrr!"

Lately, I've moved on from IRC and America On-line to bulletin board services more specifically geared to electronic man-hunting. My favourite service features almost exclusively local boys, individual profiles that can be called up before you even "chat" with someone, a matchmaking system, and an E-mail system. It's almost my Homo Shopping Club dream come true.

On most systems, when choosing your on-screen name, it's best not to



on the Internet

R o m a n c e

by James Hannaham

include too much punctuation, otherwise people have hard time sending you private messages. If you have five exclamation points in your handle—for example, *Whore!!!!*—people are going to have to count them, and it can get very annoying. Anyway, not everyone you'll want to meet knows how to count. Short, clever, and suggestive gets you the maximum attention.

As you gradually become a master of cyberspace, you'll be able to judge people better by the way they talk/write. Your ability to judge character often depends on your level of copyediting experience. Before having an f2f with someone whose prose enchants you, however, you should have a phone conversation. One fellow whose talk/writing I found charming and funny on screen turned out to be an obnoxious personal-space invader, something I might have been able to glean in a telephone call.

Thanks to the more local focus of several bulletin board services, I've recently had a few not-unpleasant f2fs with guys from my own neck of the woods, some of whom typed very accurately, with good word choices, and who didn't overuse smileys—that's :) ;-) or :-) in on-line lingo—which I generally don't find objectionable, but too many of them without variation isn't a good sign.

A couple of those guys turned out to be writers, strangely enough, but not ones on assignment, fortunately for me.

I ran into K. on-line pretty often. His answers to the questionnaire given to all these particular service's subscribers, which can be accessed for instant personality priles, matched mine by an encouraging 65 percent. He described himself as a "Very attractive" 29-year-old, 165-

pound guy who "tended to throw up during hetero romance films," so I deduced from his cynical yet jocular attitude and East Village address that we might get along quite well.

After a phone conversation, I agreed to meet him at a local Japanese restaurant a few days later. In the interim, I paid special attention to men in the street who fit his description, as if I were "trying him out" somehow.

When I met him, I realised he'd used the Slight Exaggeration Principle skilfully: He was *reasonably* attractive, 30 years old, and 175 pounds. We discussed the novel he was writing and I instructed him on proper sashimi etiquette. I then dragged him to a dark, meditative staging of a Marguerite Duras play that lasted two hours without an intermission—a trial by fire in the avant-garde. As we left, it had started to drizzle, and he asked me if I waited to go to his apartment to "wait out the rain." I declined because of an early morning appointment.

Now, is it just me, or is there an unspoken rule that when you turn down even the most subtle sexual advance it means you have rejected a guy for all eternity, world without end, etc., and might as well have screamed, "I'm not Esmeralda! Go back to Notre Dame!" right in his face? Well, suffice it to say I haven't gotten a single

E-mail file from K. since.

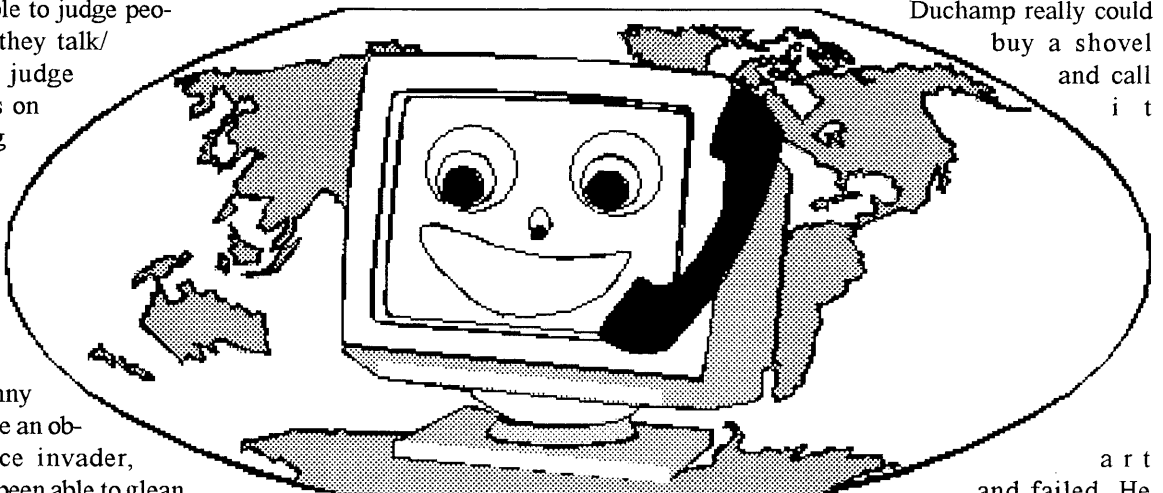
Nor have I gotten a response from the last E-mail I sent to T, the Catholic ex-Marine who lived with many of his East European relatives out in the suburbs. Raised by conservatives (you could call him a feral child), this tall and solidly "very attractive" guy and I had a long and quite animated discussion, even though we agreed about very little except to disagree. I tried to convince him that Marcel

Duchamp really could buy a shovel and call it

art and failed. He

believed that "George Bush was a great man," and I desperately tried to deprogram him. He also believed that "God is against gay sex"; since he wasn't celibate, I guess he was deliberately defying the Lord. He gave me an openly gay handshake when we parted company.

Somewhere, floating in the tangled network of fibre-optic cables that circles the globe, there's a string of ASCII characters that may someday call itself my boyfriend. Since the slow process of scouring cyberspace for signs of intelligent life hasn't yet turned him up, I fear that before I meet him I'll wind up a champion Tetris-playing Walter Hudson-like blob, ordering grosses of Marshmallow Fluff by fax modem and going cross-eyed from watching private messages scroll across my computer screen. Which just might be his perfect companion.



Do You Hear AIDS

By
Robin Adams

One of my closest friends recently asked me this question. I was totally surprised by his inquiry, and didn't know if I should plow my fist into his face with all of my might, or take pity on a person whom up till this point I considered to be one of my lifelong confidants.

Living in Hong Kong, we have been very "fortunate" to not be completely immersed in AIDS the way that almost all other Gay communities around the world are. But perhaps this isn't an accurate assessment of AIDS in Hong Kong as official figures must be grossly understated. In North America, and probably the same will be true in Hong Kong soon, AIDS just happens to be a part of the lifestyle of the Gay community. It is neither good nor bad, it just is.

As time passes, every Gay man in Hong Kong will have known someone who has died as a result of AIDS, and the community here will have a similar perspective on AIDS as our friends overseas. But in the meantime, here in Hong Kong, we have a terrible feeling about AIDS. Somehow we have made a connection between AIDS and morality, we feel that AIDS is a terrible thing, on the same level as convicted child molester.

PWAs in Hong Kong dare not ever reveal their HIV status in Hong Kong, or they will be condemned by their own closest friends in half a second... We all know how true this is. AIDS Concern has an incredibly hard time getting Gay volunteers because of the stigma associated with AIDS. But attitudes, in what I can only label "more mature" communities are quite different. Of course no one relishes the idea of dying before they turn 90, but having AIDS is not the same thing as having been excommunicated from the church/temple, as most Gay man in Hong Kong seem to

think.

One of my closest friends recently told me that his own outlook on life has changed. He looks for quality, not quantity. Everything that he does in life no matter how mundane gives him pleasure. He's able to eliminate the useless routines, and exchanges from his life which previously he took for granted as a part of life. And he doesn't waste time putting up with people who are trying to manipulate other's words, or actions, or feelings into ego boasting strokes which really don't contribute to anything. In short, he's weeding the bullshit out of his life.

Most people, if they are lucky, can hope to achieve this state of mind I suspect sometime around the age of 85. AIDS forces you to discard all the reasons for not being happy right out the window. We all have a biological drive to avoid death, but I'm sure that living the life of a closeted Gay man must be infinitely more painful than having AIDS.

But going back to my friend who asked me if I had AIDS myself, I thought how frustrating it would be to discuss this topic (hence my desire to remove his face.) If I engaged him in this conversation, and either one of us came to realise, or only suspect that one of us was HIV+ and one of us was HIV-, both of us would be overcome with grief. It is similar to asking someone their salary. The only possible result is jealousy, and/or an unearned and false sense of pride.

So just don't ask. Ever suggesting a possibility is inconsiderate. If anyone you know has AIDS, or is only HIV+, they certainly don't need to be subjected to the "Spanish Inquisition." But they could probably teach you a thing or two about what is important in life, and what is not....

Guilty of murder was the verdict handed down by the Australian Supreme Court Jury to a Brisbane man, last month, despite his claims the action was an act of self defence against unwanted homosexual advances.

James Carlton Craggs, 21, was sentenced to life imprisonment for bashing Michael Dearin Feeney, 59, to death with a statue on the night of March 17, 1994 at Feeney's suburban home in Ennoggera. Police were told by Craggs that he had bashed Feeney because Feeney had tried to sexually assault him, the jury heard.

"I am a heterosexual myself, so I was in a bit of a mental shock," Craggs said.

Crown prosecutor Geoff Hunter said the circumstances surrounding the night of the incident were "redolent of homosexuality" and contradicted the version of events

Basher
Sentenced to
Life
by Brother Sister

given to the police by Craggs.

Craggs told police he met the deceased on the day of the incident at Roma St Transit Centre and accepted an invitation to Feeney's home where the pair watched pornographic videos and drank.

Craggs said that it was only when Feeney started to stroke his legs that he became aware of the homosexual nature of Feeney's invitation.

A witness for the prosecution Christopher Clark, a 27 year-old of Toowong in Brisbane, identified Craggs as the person who had propositioned him at about 6pm in the Roma St Transit Centre toilets for bus fare which would be repaid by Craggs in the form of sexual services.

Clark also identified two magazines, including a Black Label Penthouse, as belonging to Craggs which the prosecution maintain that Craggs placed under Feeney's bed to support his version of events.

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Age bias

Why is there an age barrier between gays? Is there a barrier among straights?

There are ways to bridge the gap between people so that their differences are not obstacles to mutual understanding, but you have to be realistic. It doesn't matter how much you assure others that age has no bearing on one's ability to communicate, share, or be in a relationship (romantic or otherwise), you will only reach some. Do people have to be the same in order to be able to interact? Obviously not. Do overlapping traits (gayness, age) help in solidifying this interaction? It seems to. Most will insist that age differences are generally relevant to how people are able to relate to one another.

Damaging or not, it's very natural that people seek out others within a certain age range.

It also seems that the acceptable age for friendships and other relationships begins to extend as one ages, with an occasional bias towards younger or older people.

Name and address supplied

Bars

Recently I have given up going to Gay bars because I have found my perfect lover. It got me thinking of the reasons I why basically I dislike going to bars and clubs: three reasons:

Music blaring, ear-splitting-even when you cover your ears, you still feel like your standing right underneath a jet that's about to take off.

Cigarette smoke-when you get home, you notice how your body and clothes wreak of that smell, and wonder if your lungs underwent the same punishment.

Drugs, alcohol-you gaze into their eyes, and they gaze into yours. Only, you find out that their deep, sentimental gaze is really just a high.

Why do people stand in line for a half hour and then pay to go through such an ordeal?

Chris Wright, Ohio, USA

Married & Gay

I am gay and have been married for 15 years (I am 45 years old). I am still in the closet and am somewhat unhappy being there. I still care for my wife but living a lie is very hard and frustrating. I have a boy who is now 6 who I love dearly.

Gary, HK

That Word!

Gay—yes; QUEER—NO!! It has been a little more than a year since I revealed my homosexuality to some of my friends and began to be more open about it.

I visited a few Gay bars and saunas, and attended a few Gay events. After this period of experimentation, I have decided that there is very little that the Gay community has to offer me.

I have found that the Gay community puts too much emphasis on sex. The types of products (clothes, music, etc.) that are on the market rarely appeal to me. I really don't like anything effeminate, and find pink triangles in poor taste. Are there others that feel this way?

Johnson Lam, N.T.

I wish to express my belief that although a word may seem to be trivial to many, language is the structure around which we create our perception of the world, our beliefs about how we fit in the world, and others' beliefs about us. Although to some, it may seem taxing and perhaps menial, diction is an essential part of our lives.

Positive language may be a utopian belief, but social change comes about through the restructuring of the world's beliefs. I am a firm advocate for the return to the beauty of the individual, and the respect for the beliefs of others, but I also feel that unless I am willing to hold to a better, more accepting, society there will be no change.

Robert, Discovery Bay

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Preview: Memories

Photo by Contacts Magazine



The Playwright

Hong Kong Players are presenting the premiere staging of *Hong Kong Memories* from June 27 until July 1 at 8:00 p.m. in the Studio Theatre the Fringe Club, 2 Lower Albert Road, Central.

The play is an original work written by Hong Kong based, Chinese-American playwright Patrick Lee, and directed by James Gill.

Hong Kong Memories is a romantic and hilarious evening of comedy and drama that examines the age-old issues of self-identity and culture clash, with a bold new twist or two!

A year after returning to Hong Kong, Joe, an idealistic Chinese American expert lawyer, falls in love with Richard, a charismatic local entrepreneur determined to succeed at any cost. As their turbulent romance unfurls, Joe receives a surprise visit from Trish, his ex-girlfriend from California, who would turn his world upside down, while Wendy, Richard's wacky sister, escapes into her peculiar world of MTR adventures and Mrs. Pang, their mother/tai tai par excellence, presides over Wendy and Richard with an eagle eye and loving hands. Meanwhile, Richard's sure path to success is jeopardised by an industrial accident in Guangzhou and a looming lawsuit, while Wilson, his men-

tor and boss with an aerobicizing boyfriend, faces temptation from a new toy boy in China...

As their paths intertwine, against an over-the-top, pre-1997 Hong Kong, these colourful characters love and live up a storm, without fear and con gusto, in their search for fun, escape, and a sense of self in a crazy world.

About the Playwright: Patrick Lee is a Hong Kong - based Chinese American writer/performer. His most recent project include: *Exotic Fortunes*, a one-man play he wrote and performed to critical acclaim

and sold-out houses in San Francisco, Honolulu, Sydney (Mardi Gras Arts Festival) and Hong Kong (Asian People's Theatre Festival), and *Offshore*, a play with music he co-wrote with the Tony Award-winning San Francisco Mime Troupe, which toured all over the United States and to Hong Kong. For ten years in San Francisco, he performed in plays, musicals, stand up comedy, multi-media performance pieces, bi-lingual children's puppet shows, and even a French TV series. He studied at the American Conservatory Theatre and Asian American Theatre in San Francisco and has taught solo performing workshop and published dramatic work in various magazine and anthologies. In September, he will perform a solo piece for Hong Kong New Plays Festival in collaboration with Theatre Resolu.

About the Director: James Gill is well known to English-language theatre audiences in Hong Kong, having appeared in a very wide range of roles here. During the last year he has had leading and featured roles in plays as diverse as *Hamlet*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Normal Heart*, *Waiting for Godot*, and *PS Your Cat is Dead*.

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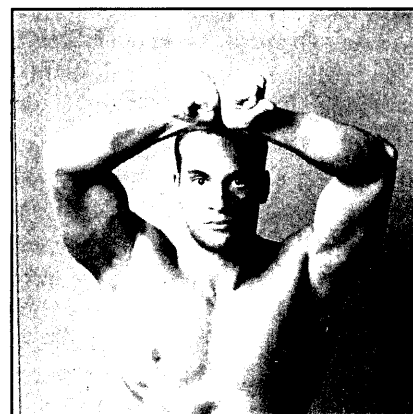
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The Burglar

A Short Story

by Mark Preston



I got home around 11 PM and noticed immediately that the back door was ajar. Did I forget to lock it? A strange prickly fear ran up my spine. Thoughts raced through my head. I'd heard about burglaries. "Don't go inside. Go to the nearest phone and call the police." I don't know why I went in anyway.

The utility porch was dark. I didn't dare turn on the light, and almost tripped over the bedspread I'd left in a heap by the washing machine. I heard him before I saw him: a muffled thud, a horsy whispered "shit". Then I saw his frame outlined by the porch light coming through the front window. I reacted before I was afraid. I grabbed the bedspread and rushed him,

threw it over his head and tackled him hard. The phone table went crashing and there was a clang as the phone hit the floor. At first, I managed to stay on top of him, he was flat on his stomach. I'd twisted the bedspread around him keeping his arms pinned to his sides, but this was not a battle that I thought I could win for long. In answer to my thought, he broke one arm free and began yanking at the bedspread. I grabbed his wrist through the bedspread and held it as firm as I could, but he erupted - throwing me off him as he got to his knees.

Somehow the phone cord ended up in my hand. As he shucked the spread, I leaped for him, pulling the jack out of the wall. I

caught him with one foot on the floor just before standing and knocked him backwards. He grabbed for me, but I intercepted his forearm, pushing him back, off balance, until he landed flat on his back.

He seemed stunned for a moment and I pounced, holding his arms down with my knees, and wrapping the phone cord twice around his wrist. I hadn't managed to knot it, but somehow the tangle of the wire seemed to confuse him long enough for me to grab his other wrist and do the same - pulling the cord tight - bring both wrists together with a clap, and securing the loose end to the base of the dining room table. He was a much less formidable foe with his powerful arms out of commission.

Even though he still thumped his body, the weight of my frame kept him flat on his back. In that moment I got my first look at his face. Was it fear or menace that I saw there? Or maybe just the shadow. Whatever it was, he seemed more resigned. I reached behind me and used the squiggly cord to bind his feet. The cord went around three times and as I tied it off he spoke, "So, what are you going to do with me now?" It was a tough voice, brimming with affected arrogance. This was an individual used to taking what he wanted and walking away unscathed. But now I'd beaten him and he knew it, and the unusual position he now found himself in left him wary. But he held his jaw so square and so tight I thought it might break off with very little trouble. I could call the police right now and they'd cuff him and lead him away - but no. This man who was in my home to rob me needed to be taught a lesson.

I sat on his legs and began to untie his shoe laces. Glancing back at the confused look on his face, I chuckled to myself as he curled his toes to thwart me. I yanked off one, then the other sneaker. He was wearing no socks, and his feet looked big and bulky in the half-light. He barked,

"What the f*** are you doing to me, man?" He would know soon enough.

When I first started to tickle his feet, I was afraid I had gambled for nothing. He didn't laugh at first, but seemed momentarily startled. But then a realisation worked its way across his face, and "no" was the last thing he managed to say before he was lost forever in uncontrollable laughter. He writhed and bellowed, and carried a tune that ran from loud belly laugh to helpless giggle. I scampered my fingers up and down the soles of his feet, playing him like some out of tune piano.

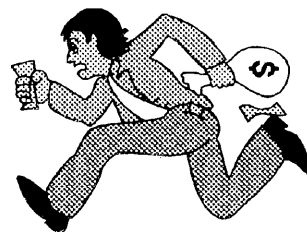
I tickled him so long his laughter became punctuated with gasps for breath. I stopped for a moment and looked hard at his face. He continued to howl even though I had stopped tickling, as though I'd turned on a tap that could not be turned off again. Catching his breath ever so slightly, he managed a broken threat, "I'm ...going ...to ...get ...you."

"No," I said, "it is I who am going to get you."

I went for the thighs then causing him to shriek with laughter - wild helpless laughter. I went to the stomach, and then the ribs. His whole body was a web of ticklish

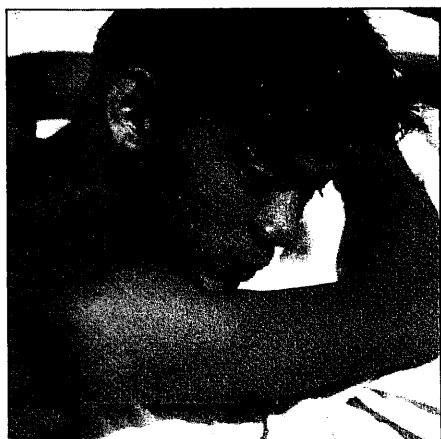
nerve endings, and I was the prodder, and the poker, and the digger of the ticklish truth. By the time I had worked my way up his ribs to his armpits, I knew he was a goner. A scream came up from somewhere in the core of his being, and it pleaded and begged and finally laughed with a steady reconciliation that all was lost.

I reached back to his feet while still tickling his ribs. I kneeled up along his thighs while stroking his feet. He shook and he quivered and he jellied, and I noticed through his jeans that he was rock hard. I undid the zipper with one hand while I tickled his stomach and ribs with the other. I stroked and tickled, and tickled and stroked, and he laughed through the volcano of his orgasm and on into the exhausted night.



The Male Club

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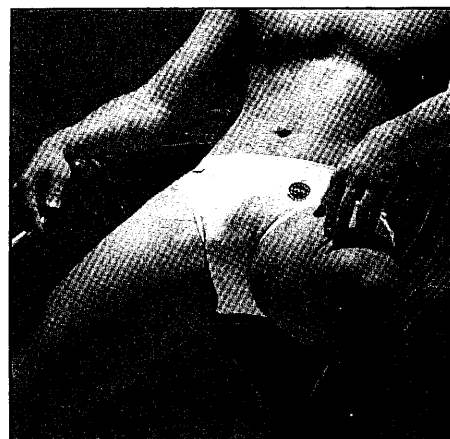
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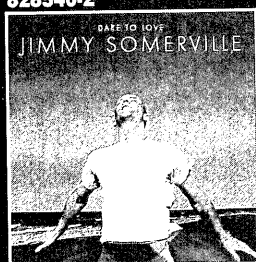
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爲什麼不可以？

莫里斯

親愛的雷爾夫：

與你通信兩個多月，終於有機會在上星期五與你見面。在你來港之前，已收到你寄給我的照片，說實話，從沒想過會對你產生興趣，我發誓！

畢竟，感情事是不由自家去控制的。不知是否太久的孤寂所致，在第二次見面時，我竟有一種想擁有你的感覺，縱然，我知最多祇可擁有兩個星期時間，因為你是一個過客。那天在酒店，你恭維的說有朝一日，我身處異邦，定必有大群人約會我，我試探的說會給你優先權，想不到你竟一反嬉笑常態，嚴肅地說，你從沒

夢想過要跟好友的男朋友發生肉體關係！最令我羞意的並不是你所講的事，而是自之竟脫口說：「爲什麼不可以！」

經這一出不能收的「爲什麼不可以」，以往的忠貞一慨蕩然無存，而我倆更從第三者牽引走在一起的兩個人，一變而成指南針的南北兩端各走一極。要強調的並不是我要求各走一方，而我走南時你行北，我轉北時你向南，我知你是有意避開我的。

一切預先安排好的節目，都因你的逃避而胎死腹中，我致電給你不是託詞忙，便是找不著你，有趣的是在不同的雀店中我竟把你碰個正著，你說這不是緣份是什麼？你是我第一個認識要逃避緣份的蠢材！

在這個多星期裡，我發覺自之是可悲的人，我感到前所未有的無助，常在人前強調祇有自己才可拯救自己的我，今次真的自身難補，而你就連一個冷眼也吝嗇，更惶論作旁觀或許你想這是令我心死的最佳良方，但這卻令萬劫不復，我無法習中精神去做該做的事，夜來輾轉難眠，失控的淚水直流滿面滿枕。我痛心的想今晚會是誰家的男孩與你同枕共眠。接著那「爲什麼不可以（是我）的孽句又再一次在腦中迴旋，餘音縈繞久久仍存。

喜歡一個不能喜歡自己的男人，真是一件極度可悲的事。而這可悲的成因是由我的思想偏差所致，或是我那祇共渡兩個月美好時光的男友所留給我的枷鎖，可笑是那男人已離開我達半年之久了。

下星期二便是你離港之日，我知道我會很傷心難過，但我想這總比那可望而不可卻，令我痛苦難耐的慾望來得舒服。

祝你一路順風，我會嘗試不去想念你，不再哭得半夜難眠，不再說：「爲什麼不可以！」因為事實已經告訴我「真的不可以！」

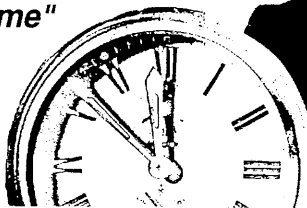


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Lesbian Avengers

The Lesbian Avengers is a non-violent direct action group of Lesbian, bisexual, and transgendered women focused on issues vital to women's survival and visibility.

The London Chapter has in the past year been involved in a number of actions amongst them: **The targeting of British MP's Home.**

Tory MP Emma Nicholson's country home was besieged by a group of lesbians, in April, protesting about her attitude to homosexuality.

Fifteen banner waving members of The Lesbian Avengers marched into the grounds of her house in Winkleigh, near Okehampton, in a bid to confront the member for Torridge and West Devon.

The intended encounter did not take place with Ms Nicholson, who is joint president of the United Nations "Year of Tolerance."

But members of the non-violent group waved banners reading "Tolerance Not Ignorance" and "Happy Easter Emma" during a three-hour demonstration.

The group, which has been operating for eight months, brought her an Easter gift, a Tolerance Egg, which they left on her doorstep.

A Lesbian Avengers spokesman, named only as Susan, said: "We have been chanting and generally being a nuisance. She has got our point." Ms Nicholson later said that she did not meet members of the group, and her husband, Sir Michael Caine, asked them to go away.

Eventually the police were "very reluctantly" asked to come, to enable a guest to leave the premises, and the protesters were escorted away, but "not forcibly", she said "I will not be influenced in any way by this sort of behaviour," the MP said.

The group claimed Ms Nicholson did not

vote for an equal age of consent, and had declared that homosexuals should be sacked from the military. But Ms Nicholson said that she voted for the age

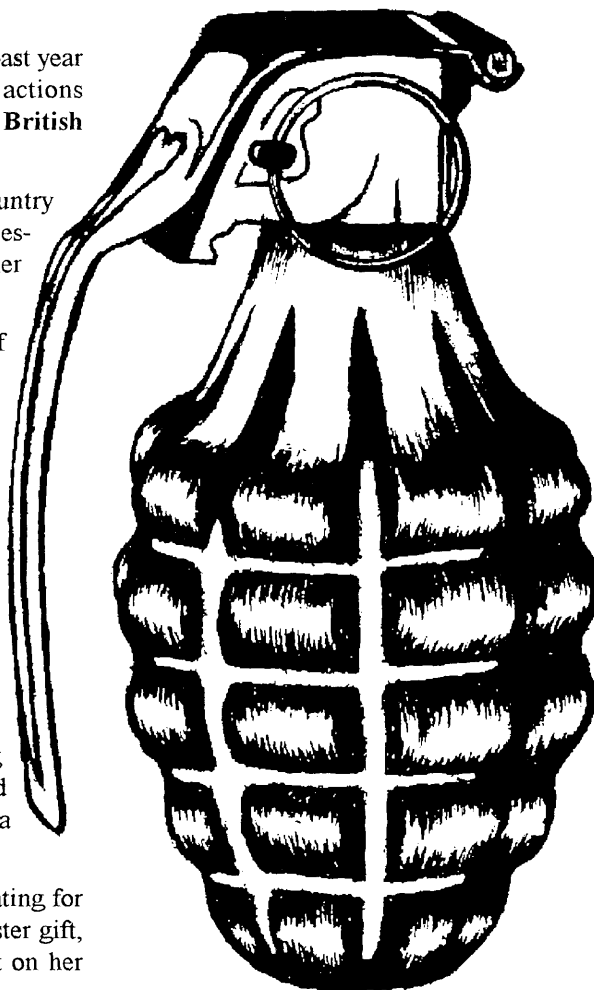
of consent to be 18, and argued that if ages were to be uniform then it was better to raise the age of heterosexual consent to 18 as well.

She maintained that the armed forces should be allowed to make their own rules on the gay issue.

After the **Children Society** decided to change its guidelines to disallow lesbian and gay foster parents, OutRage! And the Lesbian Avengers zapped their press conference. Through working together with various unions (specifically the MSF) a petition to protest against Lesbian & Gay Fostering issues has been produced.

The Avengers protested outside the *Time Out Magazine* offices against the decision to publish a racist review by Megan Radclyffe on the book *Talking Black*, edited by Valerie Mason-John. **Dominic Wells**, the editor of *Time Out*, was handed a letter of protest from the Avengers and promised to look into the situation.

Meanwhile in America the Lesbian Avengers summoned a "plague of locusts" onto Exodus International, a cult-like organisation whose mission is to "cure" people of their homosexuality. The San Francisco Avengers chose to target Exodus because conversion programs, a largely invisible form of Christian Right organis



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ing, have profoundly devastating effects on Lesbian, Bisexual, and Gay people. "If anyone deserves a plague of Biblical proportions right now, it's the Radical Right," said Avenger Liz Harris.

Five Avengers stormed the organisation's headquarters, carrying signs proclaiming "Queer Love Is Not A Disease," and chanting "Exodus, stop your hate and fear! Help like yours is killing queers!" Once inside, the activists climbed onto the reception desk, shouted "We don't need to be cured," and released 1,000 "locusts" (crickets) in an attempt to shut the operation down. The Exodus staff watched dumbfounded as a swarming pile of crickets spread across their office floor. One woman picked up the phone and dialled 911, shaking as she said, "There are Lesbians here with bugs." By the time she was able to convince the police that it wasn't a prank call, the Avengers were on their way back to San Francisco.

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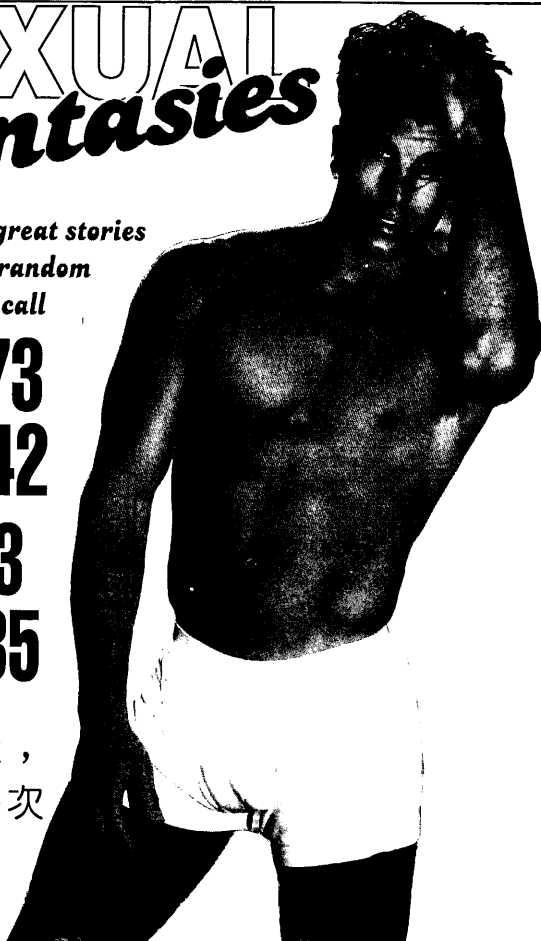
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MEN

Athletic, GWM (30's) wanted. Me: Chinese, mid-20's passionate, sensual, with a quiet exterior and great smile. Like masculine men with smell of Fahrenheit who also cherish a monogamous and lifetime relationship. Box 166

I am looking for a teddy bear who is: non-smoker, handsome, over 30, clean-shaven. Me? You guess! Photo appreciated. Box 171

Chinese Executive, 31, physically fit, straight acting. Into reading, music, gym, films. Seeks similar Chinese/Asian. Box 172

Handsome and healthy Chinese 25. Seeks straight-acting and non-smoking guys under 30 any nationality. P.O. Box 74460, Kowloon Central Post Office, Kowloon.

22, inexperienced, considerate, hopes for long-term, permanent and mature love. Box 173

Sporty Chinese, 27. Seeks masculine Western guy, non-smoker for relationship. Box 174

Chinese, 40's, educated professional 5'10", 160 lbs. Enjoy music, travel and tennis. Looking for guys below 30, educated, straight acting. Photo please. Maurice. Box 182

If you don't mind sharing your thoughts with a tall, slim, inexperienced, 25-aged, Chinese guy. Please write to me. Box 178

Chinese, 23, dislike nightlife, into outdoor activities. Seek mature family man, 35-50, 170-175cm for relationship. Box 177

Chinese, 36, slim, non-smoker, likes squash, jogging, tennis, travelling, swimming. Needs over 37 non-smoker for relationship. Please write with photo to PO Box 25831, Harbour Bldg., Post Office, Hong Kong

Boyish, 22, Chinese, med-build, charming looks. Seeks a mature considerate, stable gentleman to share my everything. Wait for you. Box 181

A man of 26 years. Want to love and to be loved. Page me if you want to know me. 112891 a/c 262

Chinese, below 25. Seek muscular young guys for friendship, photo appreciated. Address: P.O.Box 547, Tsuen Wan Post Office, N.T.

PEN PALS

Chinese, 30, Singaporean, muscular man, 1.80m (tall) & 79kg (weight). Hobbies: travel, body building, singing. Seeks Asian men from 24 to 36 years old for friendship and relationship. ALA. Please write with photo to Box 180

Chinese, 31, Singaporean. Hobbies: Weight-training, Art, music and travelling. Seeks Asian men 30 to 40 years old for friendship and pen-pal. Please write with photo to: Lum, Toa Payoh North P.O.Box 0796, Singapore 9131.

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WOMEN

Chinese, 22, Lesbian, sensitive. Seeks penfriends/friendship. Write to me with photo, please. Box 179

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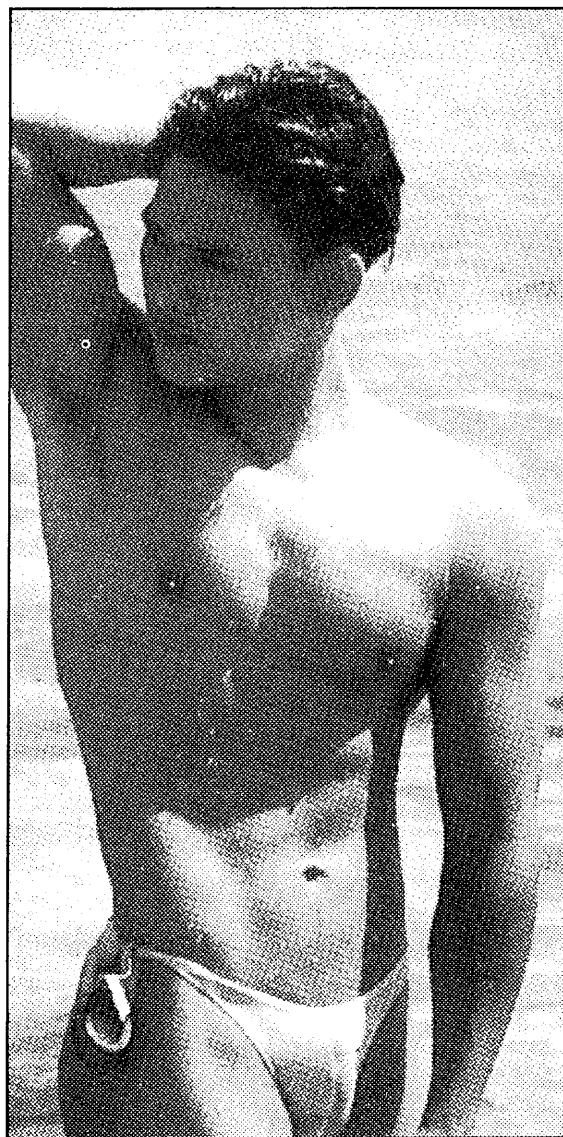
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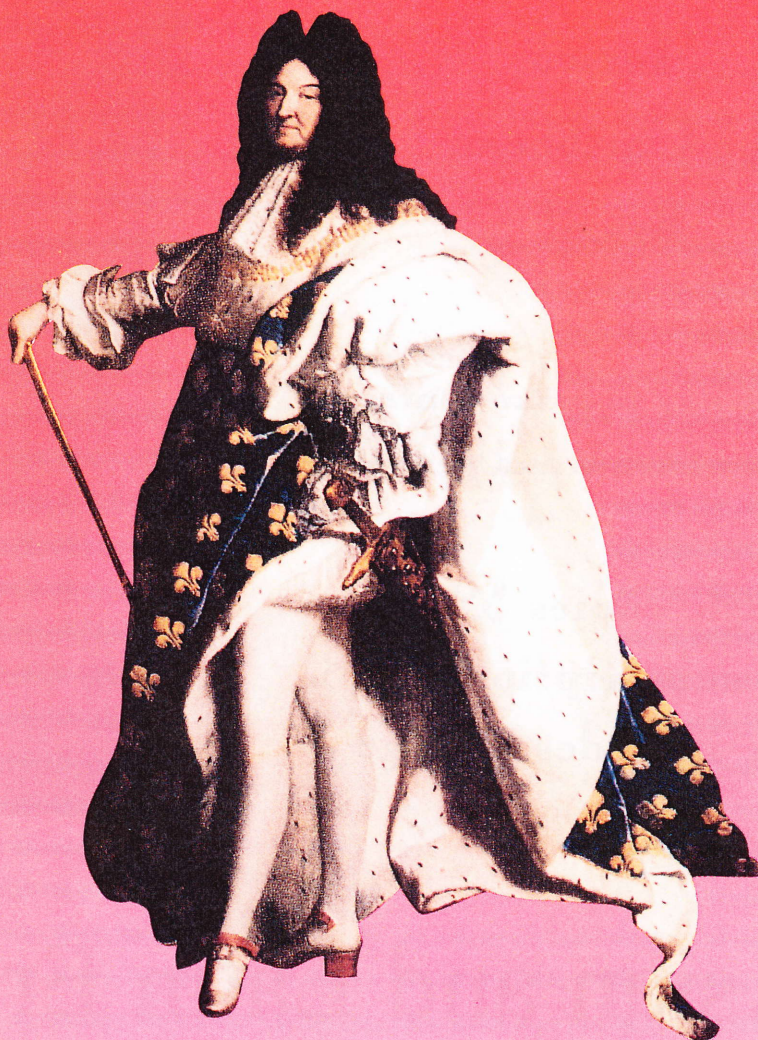
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